

THE
Sylvan DREAM
OR, THE
Mourning MUSES.
A
POEM.

by John Philips

----- in magnis vel voluisse sat est.

*Πλεροκαρδὸς Ἀδωνὶς ἐπαυδῆσεν Ἐρωτες.

Bionis, Idyl. i.

~~Printed for Joseph Turner, Bookseller in Sheffield, Yorkshire;~~
LONDON,

Printed for Joseph Turner, Bookseller in Sheffield, Yorkshire;
and are to be Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford-Arms
in Warwick-Lane. MDCCI.

THE
 SALVAGE
 OF THE
 MARINE
 A
 P. O. F. M.



Printed for Joseph Stansfield, Bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, London.
 and to be sold by A. Baldwin, at the College-yard, in Warwick Lane. MDCCCL.

THE PREFACE.

WHAT I have written is not design'd to confront every nice pickering Caviller, nor am I concern'd to Humour the vain Minds of the trifling Criticks of the Age; Nay, I should think it a hard Task to please all of the most Candid: My Business is to profit, and give a Life (tho' in another Kind) to the so desired Reformation. Poetry has been a long time on the Declining hand, not so much for want of Genius's, for there are some few true ones; but by reason of their Abuse, and the Spurious Multiplication of Counterfeit Ones: Tho' it's one of the most unaccountable things in the World; it's neither Money nor Money worth that they counterfeit; and rather a piece of Folly to be laugh'd at, than a Crime to be hang'd for; yet they deserve to be hang'd for their Folly. It's These that have brought the Name into so much Disrepute, that it's become one of the greatest Scandals a Man can lie under, to be call'd a Poet, it bearing along with it the perfect Notion and Idea of a Beggarly Fool. They, who have Genius's, use them contrary to their Natures, and make them speak, not Instructions

The PREFACE.

ctions to Mankind, but what their own base Inclinations prompt them to; yet whatever they write is laid to the Charge of the Innocent Muses, who are Ravish'd rather than Court'd, and made a Sacrifice rather than sacrific'd unto. Plays were at first design'd for a good End; but how are they degenerated! How has the Subject Love been jaded, Vices approv'd and commended, and thereby the Minds of our Nobility and Gentry cheated and polluted! I am not rashly for Voting the Houses down, let those who know Nothing of Them absolutely rail against them; If they can be reform'd and brought entirely up to their first Innocence, Modesty and Usefulness, let them Stand; otherwise, a Putrify'd Member that's past healing must be cut off, lest it infect the whole Body. I wish to see Poets reform'd, and then I question not but Poetry will be refin'd. The following Poem how refin'd, qua Poetry, I will not say, it's the first that I've attempted, and, (it ~~may~~ may be) may be the last; But in Morality and Spirit of a Poet, I think it may be no breach of the Rules of Modesty to say it's much refin'd; it's vanity to hope to meet with no Enemies, but they that look at The Design, that are Friends to Vertue, will be Friends to it, and let the Criticks do their worst.

T H E
Sylvan Dream, &c.
A P O E M.

TH' Immortal Youth had newly left the Day,
 And Surfeiting in *Thetis* Bosom lay :
 A wafting Air spreading a gentle Breez
 Was left to sooth and fan the Stately Trees ;
 Delightful Groves in Nature's Order grew,
 Whose various Beauties Admiration drew :
 Silent Solemnity with awful Face
 Dazles and adds a Lustre to each Grace :
 The World seem'd bury'd, or in Mazes lost,
 No Noise was heard throughout the Sacred Coast :
 I laid me down beneath a spreading Pine,
 Whose thick'ning Boughs wreath out a *Sylvan Shrine* ;
 Vyeing Præeminence in Grandeur stood,
 And might alone be well esteem'd a Wood ;
 The Ground had newly entertain'd a Shower,
 Which tap'd the Sweets of ev'ry Spicy Flower ;
 While hov'ring Roses twist'd me a Bower.
 Wood-Nymphs and Nightingales in rapt'rous Notes
 With Emulation stretch their quav'ring Throats :

The Sylvan DREAM.

The Son'rous Airs of pretty smiling Loves,
 The Cooing Kisses of more am'rous Doves,
 With soft and charming Joys my Soul possest,
 And lull'd my Senses into balmy Rest.
 Thus lock'd in Sleep, my Fancy rang'd about
 To Mimic these, or find new Pleasures out ;
 When suddenly-----
 Methought I heard a shrill Melodious Voice,
 Sad as poor *Philomela* in *Diguiſe* ;
 Thro' fourteen ſeveral Echoes bandy'd on
 My liſt'ning Ears receiv'd the Mournful Tone :
 Such Skill I knew with Heav'n Earth could not ſhare,
 Nor Human Lungs breathe ſo Divine an Air ;
 If ſo, *Earth's* Glory might with *Heav'n* compare.
 The Voice a God, the Style a Muſe betray'd,
 I found 'twas *Phæbus* ſat beneath a Shade,
 Who thus began-----
 Fatigu'd with Troubles and tumultuous Cares,
 Jargons of Words waging Perpetual Wars ;
 The Noiſe of Poetry and Sence refin'd,
 When empty Skulls let out th' impatient Wind,
 Genius and Stars remaining ſtill unkind.
 Hither, from City Clamours, ſpent I come,
 Theſe Sylvan Shades once Grac'd my Native Home ;
 And here my Childhood ſweetly I employ'd,
 Sported with *Shepherds* and the *Nymphs* decoy'd :
 Harmleſs and Modest as an Infant ſmiles
 When *Mimic* Dream his buſy Thoughts beguiles.
 Here

The Sylvan DREAM

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Here first I made the Woods and Forests ring
Themselves, and *Echo* her own Praises sing;
Haunted the Rills, and gentle sliding Streams,
And Beachen Shades checquer'd with scatt'ring Beams.

As once beneath the blossom'd Hawthorn sat
The beauteous *Amaryllis* to repeat;
My shriller Voice as thro' the Vale it went,
And Trees and Cattle to my Musick sent;
Fame catch'd the Blast and modify'd the Air,
To breathe my Name throughout the Hemisphere;
Which quickly call'd me from my blest'd Retreat
To be huzz'd, in Court and City, great;
Where I was cherish'd and brought up with Care,
Fed on the Prince's Favour and his Fare.
And more indeed than these were duly mine,
For I, tho' veil'd in Flesh, am still *Divine*.
None durst pretend a Right to Sacred Fire,
But whom my early Glories did inspire;
And none was *Poetry* but where each Line
Flow'd clear as *Penelus*, beauteous as the *Nine*.
But these blest'd Times are past, *Parnassus* mourns,
Because no *Renovation* Year returns;
Each *Bully* turns a Versifying Chit,
Long swell'd with Hopes to shew his Mungril Wit.
Pimps, *Panders*, *Beau's* will Poets all commence,
Tho' often damn'd, yet still they'll aim at *Senec*.

Some

The Sylvan DREAM.

Some *hundreds* may, and do for Poets go,
 Are *Phæbus* Sons, tho' *Phæbus* never know;
 They're **BASTARDS** sure, and of the **Monstrous Line**,
 That Sprung when *Nero* coupl'd with the *Nine*;
 Folly's their Rage, their *Inspiration* Wine.
 And yet these Strumpet *Muses*, dog'rell *Rhimes*
 Are *Poetry* in these degen'rate Times.

O! how I've heard the ravish'd *Muses* cry
 For some Kind hand, but no such help was nigh.
Minds pure and free from any base Alloys,
 Have long been *Prostitutes* to Noble Vice;
 Jaded with *Meanness*, hag'd to Glorify,
 And virtuous make the *Sinful Quality*;
 The vilest *Rake's* a *Saint* in *Elegy*.
 There's no such thing as *Liberty* in Love,
 Yet they their vitious *Liberty* improve,
 And Smut and Filth make up the *Myrtle Grove*.
 Unless the Poem stink there is no Wit,
 For *Modesty* is out of *Fashion* quite.
 What heaps of *Ribaldry* and saucy *Prate*,
Scold, which would Signalize ev'n *Billinggate*,
Litigious Fury, where the *Oyster Wives*
 Meet Tongue and Teeth, or where the *Devil drives*!
Satyr on *Satyr*, satyriz'd again,
Lampoon my *Altars* and my *Shrines* profane;
 Laugh'd at and Scorn'd I am the *Ridicule*,
Matter for *Sport*, and *Farce* with ev'ry Fool.

The Sylvan DREAM.

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To be a Beggar, and of *Phæbus* Race,
Are *Callings* honour'd with the like Disgrace:
I'm a *Game-Bear*, and they to do me right,
Do in both *Houses* bait me every Night.

Hear me, sweet *Echo*, hear, and bless
One that like thy *Narcissus* is ;
Pierce the World's *Universal* Ear,
And let my *Pangs* disturb the Air,
And let their dying *Anguish* too,
With *Clangors* pierce it thro' and thro'.
Sweet *Mirth* began my childish Years,
But they must now conclude in Tears,
I'm Gather'd when my Bud but just appears:

My fainting *Spirit* must be gone,
Benighted 'ere my Day be done.
But come, *Thou Genius*, of the Grove,
Help while I Sacrifice to *Jove* ;
The Work's too great, and I too Young,
My golden *Harp's* but newly Strung:
If Age had gratify'd my Mind,
I'd done it in a Nobler Kind ;
But since I may not pass it by,
But shew my Love before I dy,
I'll try, and will but only try.

L.
Come then, come every *Muse*,
Let's Ran sack *Earth*, the *Air* and *Skies*,
To find a gratefull *Sacrifice* ?

C

When

The Sylvan DREAM.

What Sacred Bullock must be slain?
 For Sacred Altars Sacred Blood must stain:
 What mighty *Hero's* Praises shall we chase?
 Whether to pick out of the golden Line
 Where *Greece's* Gyant Race of *Worthies* shine?
 Whom *Fame* decypher'd in her Younger Days,
 When first her Roul begun,
 Her Trumpet was not known so soon,
 So left their Names for after-times to raise.
 Or will fair *Amarillis* Sons invite,
 And help our Numbers to a cleaner Flight;
 Will *Scipio* better Entertainment give,
 And bid laborious Aims, tho' erring, Live?
 Or shall the *Carthaginian* be thy Theme,
 That us'd to make old *Pluto* yell
 With hideous Joy, when in a Pleasant Dream
 He saw whole *Miriads* tumbling down to Hell?
 Or do the *Cæsars* hide thy Choice
 In a long succeeding Train?
 Or shall we View upon the trembling Plain
 The valiant Legions with the roaring Noise
 Of Arms and War, trample on *Princes* slain?

II.

In *Mythic* Stories of the *Grecian* Sires,
 Let *Pedants* strut it to their wond'ring Boys;
 A generous *Muse* disdains *Phantastick* Fires,
 A senseless Theme the rising *Genius* cloy.

Scipio

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Scipio and *Hanibal* deserve to ride
High charioted, deck'd in Triumphant Pride ;
But neither put to a true Judgment's test,
Will meet a strict Enquiry, and commence the best.
No 'tis a *Cæsar* must engage my Quill,
In long descent
The quick'ning root had lain
Cover'd with Snow, secure and still ;
Till like the sprightly shooting Grain
A *Sprig* at last found out a prosp'rous Vent,
And Honour's Battlements o'retops again.

III.

This, This is He,
The Great *Nassovian* ! This the Mighty Thing
I chuse in *Numbers* unconfin'd to Sing !
This is the *Sea* I launch into,
Who's stately rousing Waves no Mercy know ;
I venture, tho' the swelling Surge, I see,
Bids me beware of sudden furious Woe.
Miriads of modest Thoughts repair
(Unrhethorick'd, Soldiers in *Thespian* Wars)
To their Commission'd Officers,
Hov'ring about them, thick'ning all the Air :
Their *Chiefs* confus'd stand fix'd in deep dismay
To see too many for the whole Treasury of Words to Pay.
Like Vapours, which when Rays of Light rebound,
Fly on their Wings in Mists from Treachy Ground ;

Twice

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Twice mediating the *Hemisphere*, they rise
A dark'ning Army to Besiege the Skies.

Ev'n so my Mind
O'reflow'd, but yet with no *Hyperbole*,
With *Topes* encircl'd like *Eternity*,
I neither can End or Beginning find.

IV.

Whether I view Him in the Bloom of Age,
Acting a narrower Part,
And Preluding what after times should see;
'Tis not the Top of *Pegasæan* Art,
Nor Young *Apollo's* height of Rage
Can form in *Words* what we admire in *Re*.
Let *Belgium* monumental Trophies raise,
Huge Piles of stately Buildings to amase,
And only shew the *Greatness* of his Praise:
That They who long to know may there behold
Substantial, what by *Tongue* could not be told:
Except great *Luxemburg*, at who's Command
Thousands of Livery'd *Imps* with Cap in Hand
Stood ready Arm'd, a vast *Infernal* Host,
That spring more swift than Light from Coast to Coast
To do him Service, may perhaps be set
In Hell's mid Courts for ever to repeat
The famous *Conquests* of the great *Nassaw*,
Which may from Hell ev'n *Admiration* draw;

And

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And for *Eternal Punishment* must tell
How *Luxemburg* beneath his *Valour* fell :
Indeed He easier may the *Task* engage,
Because He is inspir'd with greater *Rage* ;

But I, Poor *Infant*, I
May not advance so high,
But in so great a *Task* must only try to Try.

V.

I've been Caref'd in *Princes Arms*,
Prefer'd to *Venus* cloth'd in all her *Charms* ;
Above God *Bacchus*, or the *Boy* rever'd,
Material Graces all my *Lines* appear'd :

Because my scented *Song*
Could trace each *Action* thro' the *Throng*,
Omit no *Circumstance*.

But ev'ry *Virtue* to its height advance ;
Exploits were *Thin*, and full of *Vices* too,
My *Numbers* rather did the *Theme* outgo.
So once I *Rhapsody'd* the *Wars* of *Troy*,
But scarce could *Virtue* find

Sufficient to instruct *Mankind*,
And constitute my *Poetry*.

And after I *Augustus* Prais'd,
And to his *Name* my solid *Trophies* rais'd,
Which, till *Succeeding Ages* all be past,
And *Time* it self run dry, shall ever last.

MY SWEET DREAM.

But 'tis impossible to raise
Notes due to ~~this our~~ *Cesar's Praise*,
That Glorifies ~~these latter~~ *days* :
Or if I could; ~~amaz'd~~ *Posterity*
Would give my cursed Pen ~~(tho' innocent)~~ *the Lie*.

May not advance to high

VI.

But in to great a Task must only try to try

Or if the latter Scene
Display *Him* seated on the *English Throne*,
Looking a true *Heroic mien*,
And shining in the *Rays of Actions done* ;
Yet this too *Percussive light*
Is for an *Infant Muse* too bright,
And will endanger my but now *acquired Sight*,
Much less could I endure
To hear *Bellona's* thund'ring *Tone*,
Scarring the World into a dismal *Groan*,
Roaring out *Victory* as loud as *sure*.
When e're he marches *Europe* stands *alarm'd*,
Whether in *League* or *Foes*,
The first are glad, and *Stoop to be unarm'd*,
What *Britains Arms* can do the rest he *shews* ;
And not a Man dare Say his *Soul's his own*,
These fighting *Cullies* by *Experience* find
His strong *Cathartick Face* so troubles them *behind*,
In fearful *Fits* making their *Grumblers* *roar*,
They dare not see *Him*, but upon the *Necessary Door*.

THE SYLVAN DREAM

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I've sung but little in my life,

VII.

It's been so short, and throng'd with Grief.

But look again my Song, Now whilst my Hours

Here's fresh Advantage for a wond'ring Eye;

Behold the Mad, confused Throng

Of hec't'ring Blades in haster retreat,

And glad they can their former Steps repeat,

Who famous came thro' Blood and Spoil

To take and re-inslave our Iles,

Hibernia knows He's great, and why.

While Others come to ask for Peace,

Knowing where true Religion rules

Humanity sets up her Schools,

And Mercy's Laws a Noble Spirit please;

He smiles, and to the World pronounces Peace

The Realms above resound and Echo Peace :

Fame blew her Trumpet to the list'ning Thrones,

Cheer'd up their Kings, and fix'd their tott'ring Crowns;

Loud Acclamations from each Realm affright

Thick Sorrows back into the Womb of Night.

Children with O'ives wreath'd Sing to his Fame,

In pretty Harmony

They Tune the Songs of Jubilee,

Ev'n so, poor Infant, I have strove to list his Name;

To Parent Heaven, She mount'd a Voice, and said,

But come again, come every Muse,

Let's Sing till Time and Breath refuse

Relieve or hide me in Eternal Night.

I've

The Sylvan DREAM.

I've Sung but little in my Life,
 It's been so short, and throng'd with Grief.
 Now whilst my Hours are hasting on,
 My tedious Journey yet undone,
 I will in *Numbers* my last *Vigils* keep,
 In Swan-like Raptures lull my Soul asleep.
 We'll Charm the Night, and till the Morn appears,
 Each mournful Measure shall flow down in Tears.
 Kind *Echo* hear, and chanting *Philomel*,
 Attend, for You and You alone can tell
 The utmost Dolours of a Passing Bell.
 We'll Sing how *Venus* and her jocund Lad
 Forgot to Smile, and mourn'd *Adonis* dead.
 How *Pan*, great *Pan*, forsook the Shepherd's Care,
 And Sympathizing, bore an equal Share.

I'd newly whip'd, and loos'ned every Rein
 To speed my Chariot tow'rs the Western Main;
 When suddenly I spy'd the Queen of Love
 Sit Sad and Silent in th' *Idalian* Grove;
 One like my Self lay bleeding by her Side,
 As seem'd the very *Spark* of *Nature's* Pride:
 To know the cause I threw my Whip away,
 Catch'd up the Reins, and stop'd the furious Day.
 She wept a while, then rose, and Duty paid
 To Parent *Heav'n*, She mourn'd a Voice, and said,
 Great HEAV'N, I bow before thy *Sou'reign* Right;
 If *Truth* and *Goodness* still be thy Delight,
 Relieve or hide me in Eternal Night.

She

She Reverence paid again, and sat her down ;
 And having dry'd her Eyes, she thus went on ;
 When will this Boy loaden with Lilies come ?
 For I have drain'd my Eyes before the Tomb.
 Into what distant Valley is he flown ?
 Is all this Country's *Pride* faded and gone ?
 Cloath'd in her Morning Blush this pleasant Field
 To th' *Hesper* Walks, tho' Fair, would never yield ;
 And is it now lay'd Wast ? Sure all the Flowers
 Consent to mourn this woful fate of *Ours*.

The *Sylvan* God had travell'd o're the Coast,
 Found all Things fading and his Labours crost,
 Was much concern'd, and fear'd his Godhead lost.
 He now was walking Softly on the Grove,
 And deeply *musing* what They thought *above* :
 What strange Affairs were fallen out of late,
 Or what should mean these new Decrees of Fate :
 When strait the Voice of *Venus* reach'd his Ears,
 Refresh'd his Mind and scatter'd all his Fears ;
 He knew the Voice, and from Her, what and how
 Concerns went on in Heav'n He hop'd to know.
 He mends his Speed and hastens tow' rds the Place,
 Which seem'd not distant far from where He was,
 And drawing near, He with a decent Bow
 Congratulates her Presence here below.

Pan. Welcom, fair Goddess, to this happy Shade,
 Where *Innocence* may rest her un-afraid.

One

E

You

The Sylvan DREAM.

You come, I trust in Goodness (as before)
 Joy to these Country Pastures to restore,
 While every Nymph and Swain hast to adore.
 But tell me, beauteous Goddess, why those Eyes
 Languish in Sorrow, veil'd in sad Disguise:
 How is that Godlike Air and Grace Divine
 Sully'd, while Beauty do's her Head decline.
 The Reason is not mean, no little Pain
 Could such Divinity with Weakness stain.

Venus. No, Pan, my Grief is great, my Loss is more;
 Ah, Nothing, Nothing were those Pangs I bore
 When Infant Cupid first crept into Light,
 Rushing in Travail thro' the Womb of Night.
 Less was that Grief which did the World betray
 To Darkness, when dull Phæbus threw away
 The fiery Reins, and stop'd the Course of Day.
 Grief, which to Trees the Royal Sisters turn'd,
 Who Noble Phaeton in Cypress mourn'd,
 Was but a Passion Fit; while mine alone
 Strives to obdurate, and Lament in Stone.
 Was not my Mould immortal, unalloy'd
 To Earth, I had dissolv'd in Tears and dy'd.

Pan. I find those Omens now were not in vain;
 Cupid I saw wander on yonder Plain
 Some Miles from hence, and hung his pretty Wings,
 Gath'ring sweet Flowers, but neither smiles nor sings.

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One while he sits, and funeral *Flourets* weaves,
 Sprinkling with *Nectarous Tears* the fragrant *Leaves*;
 Then let's a budded *Tulip* fall, and cries
 So falls the *Youth*, so fair *Adonis* dies.
 The Name *Adonis* chill'd my glowing *Blood*,
 Gazing, and half entranc'd, I wond'ring stood,
 Troubl'd at 's Looks, but more at what He said;
 But pass'd, nor could believe *Adonis* dead:
 A willing disbelief possess'd my Mind,
 But ah! his Fate too true too soon I find.
 Well may your *Tendernefs* melt down in *Tears*,
 When such a *Flower* in blooming disappears.
 But say, *Bless'd Power*, what was the curs'd *Design*
 Durst once Attempt a Nature so *Digine*?

Venus. I am the *Mystick Roll*, where such as *You*
 May read in *Hieroglyphicks*, Plain and true.
 Words are too low, *You* may behold as well
 What is an *Agonizing Pain* to tell.
 'Tis no *Delight*, as *Mortal Females* do,
 To whine the *Story* to dissolve the *Woe*:
 I'd rather sit dry-ey'd without a *Tear*,
 In Silence mourn and Think for ever here.
 'Tis eas'ly guess'd his *Sad untimely Fall*
 Was neither *Age's* due, nor *Natural*.
 Had He declin'd, and laid *Heav'n's Blessing* down,
 When *Age* began to stoop beneath a *Crown*;
 Had all His waiting *Glories* yet *Unborn*,
 But shown *Themselves* along the rising *Morn*;

And

And every *Modest Grace*, that lurk'd unknown,
 Exerted to adorn a smiling *Throne*;
 Tho' *Heav'n* had then transform'd him to a *Star*,
 And kiss'd *Him* from my *Eyes* in *Peace* or *War*,
 I should have humbly laid my *Self* before
 Th' *Imperial Throne*, his *Pleasure* to adore;
 And long *Posterity* would love to tell
 How great He stood, and how renown'd He fell.
 But to be crop'd when *Youth* began to Bloom,
 And leave my wid'ning Heart an empty Room:
 To spoil my wealthy *Hopes*, so fill'd and blest,
 And leave my *Arms* to circle o're my *Breast*,
 Is what I grieve, and tho' the *Fates* are just,
 I wish to fall, and mingle *Dust* with *Dust*:
 But here's the Boy; Come Child, why was your *Stay*
 So long?

Cupid. I had a long and tedious Way.
 You sent me to the *Meadows* in the *Vale*
 Barren, and wast'd thick with *Storms* of *Hail*.
 I wander'd o'er the *Hills*, thro' *Wood* and *Grove*,
 Where that stern *Boar*, where *Wolves* and *Tygers* rove.
 And as I pass'd, Pardon my *Fault*, if one,
 I often stay'd to hear the mournful *Tone*
 Of sweet consenting *Voices* in a *Maze*,
 Spread from their leavy thick-set *Palaces*:
 Each *Sonnetier* his hansom'd *Voice* devotes
 From *Vernal Airs* to *Tautologick Notes*.

The

The Sylvan DREAM.

17

The *Pines* and *Olives* lower their new-blown *Sails*;
 And hang their fading heads thro' all the *Vales*
 The green enamell'd *Meads* begin to change,
 And Joy to ev'ry *Shepherd's* *Pipe* grows strange.
 From thence I rovd some *Miles*, where all appear'd
 A *Monument* of *Sorrow* newly rear'd.
 At length I met along fair *Tempe's* *Plain*
 The *Virgin Goddess* follow'd by her *Train*
 Of frowning *Nymphs*, had I my *Quiver* there,
 I would have made each *Heart* thy *Shrines* revere:
 She call'd, I at my usual *Distance* stood,
 And told Her why my *Steps* appear'd so rude;
 And as I told my *Story*, gentle *Sighs*
 Would from her heaving *Bosom* seem to rise,
 But check'd, stood broken in her wat'ry *Eyes*.
 She gave me these in haste, and bid me go,
 As if She could not bear to hear my *Story* thro'.

Venus. Ye *Sylvan Choirs*, hang down your *Wings* and
 Observe each *Funeral Right* till I return. (mourn;
 Come Boy, bring all my pretty *Numerous Loves*,
 The *vigorous Sparrows* and *taunting Doves*;
 Let *Them* forget to Love, no *Rills* nor *Coo*
 Must once be heard, do Thou lay by thy *Bow*.
 And for these *Obsequies*, we will desire
 That *Pan* would do's the *Favour* to retire.
 This last and dearest *Service* I must bear,
 And be exceeding in my *Sorrow* here.

F

Boy

The Sylvan DREAM.

Boy, reach the *Flowers*, we'll heap them on his *Grave*,
 Poor mark of *Love*, yet all that *Death* can crave.
 But finer *Flowers* dy'd with a *Scarlet Stain*
 Shall scatter *Odours* sweet as *Nect'rous Rain*,
 Before the circling *Year* commence again.

Well, well, He's gone, with Him a *Kingdom's* gone,
 For who can fill the wide *Capacious Throne*?
 Would I the *Blessing*, *Death*, might now obtain,
 For *Immortality's* become my *Pain*!
 I'd freely change the *Realms* of *Bliss* Above
 T' enjoy *Elysium* with my better *Love*.
 But 'tis *Decreed* by just *Eternal Fate*,
 My *Happiness* must center in my *State*:
 And I must ev'n in *Sorrow* *Virtuous* be,
 Or else I'm neither *Man* nor *Deity*.

My *Lungs* grow faint, I must my *Post* resign,
 Cast off this *Flesh* and be all o're *Divine*.

But hear, ye *Muses*, hear the *Charge* I give,
 For you must to *Life's* fixed *Limits* live.
 Some *Friends* I leave behind, tho' very few,
 The Care of *Them* I recommend to you,
 Who's *Loyal Souls* remain for ever true.
 Labour by *Them*, all *Ways* and *Means* devise
 To Quell the *Fury* of the *raging Vice*:
 And if you can to *Our* first *Age* attain,
 Perhaps in *Time* I may descend again;

If

The Sylvan DREAM.

If not, Leave the decrepid World, and be
Partakers of a State of *Peace* with me :
Till then Farewell, I Question not your Trust,
But you'll be chaste as *Virgins*, and as just.
And, as He spoke, *Aurora* spread the Day,
He gasp'd, and fled upon the darted Ray.

FINIS.

The Sylvan Dream.

He gasp'd, and fled upon the danted Ray,
And, as He spoke, Aurora spread the Day,
But you'll be chaff as Vixen, and as juff,
Till then Farwell, I Question not your Trust,
Partakers of a State of Peace with me :
If not, I leave the deceptid World, and be

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